of black cotton gloves; very painful; his extraordinarily thin and long hand is out of joint; his middle fingers fall backward like a doll's fingers. What is his disease? Suppose I should catch it! But I cannot take my eyes off him. (The only other traveler, in the corner opposite me, is resolutely hiding behind *Les Pirates de ropera*[9] — and doesn't raise his eyes during the whole trip.) The invalid says:

"It's the jolts that have shaken up my guts like this."

He tries to cough but chokes, while his wife reassures him:

"You know it always does you good to sneeze."

She calls that ''sneezing*'! On my word, he is beginning the death rattle; he can't catch his breath; she herself becomes a bit worried and in a rather loud voice, as much, I think, for us as for him:

"There's nothing to worry about; everyone knows that it's nervous."

Finally, having caught his breath, he says:

"Ah! I am very low. . . ."

And then she begins to lament not having taken advantage of the stop at Avignon to give him an injection. (She gives him one at Tarascon, shortly afterward.)

"That's right! I hadn't thought of it a moment Do you want a little piece of sugar? Do you . . . ? How do you feel?'*

He says nothing. I see a thread of liquid dripping onto his vest; I think he is crying; but no, it comes from the corner of his mouth.

We are coining to Nimes. She says to him:

"Nimes: the Tour Magne!"[10]

Oh, go to hell! . , . But this is where I get off.

21 December

Les Caves. Necessity of drawing the naked form under the clothing in the manner of David, and of knowing about my characters even the things I am not going to use — or at least that are not to appear on the outside.

Mile Emma Siller is having trouble with her landlord* She writes to Em.: "It is enough to make you sick of life; and this is very sad at my age." (She is sixty.)

Finished *Rhoda Fleming**[13]-

** The Pirates of the Opera,*

[10] One of the landmarks of the town is a famous Roman tower on Mount
Cavalier.

[11] Meredith's novel.